Psalmes of Dauid Drawen into English Meetre by [illegible] Sternehold.

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¶ To the moſt noble and verteous King, oure ſouerayngne Lorde Kyng Edward the vi. Kinge of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland. &c. Thomas Sternholde Grome of hys Maieſties robes, wyſheth increaſe of of healthe, honour and felycytie.

✿

ALthoughe moſte noble Soueraigne, the groſnes of my wit doth not ſuffyce to ſearche oute the ſecrete myſteryes hidden in the boke of Pſalmes, whyche by the opinion of many learned men, compryehēdeth the effect of the wholle Bible: yet truſtig to the goodneſſe of GOD, whyche hathe in hys hande the keye thereof,

which shutteth and no man openeth, openeth and no man shutteth, al beit I cannot geue to youre Maiestye great loaues thereof, or bring into the Lordes barne ful handefulles: yet to thintente I woulde not appear in the haruest vtterly ydle and barraine, being warned with the exaumple of the drie figtre, I am bolde to presente vnto youre Maiestie, a fewe crummes whiche I haue pycked vp from vnder the Lordes borde: and am glad with the poore woman Ruth the Moabite, to come behynde, and gather a fewe eares of corne after the reapers, rendring thankes to almightie God, that hath appoynted vs suche a kynge and gouernour, that forbiddeth not laymē to gather & leaze in the Lordes haruest, but rather cōmaundeth the reapers to caste out of theyr handefulles amonge vs, that we maye boldely gather without rebuke: perceyuing also

that

that your Maiestie hathe so searched the fountaynes of the scriptures, that yet beyng young you vnderstand them better then many elders, the very meane to attaine to the perfect gouernemente of thys youre realme, to gods glorye, the prosperitie of ỹ publique wealthe, and to the comforte of al youre Maiesties subiectes. Seing further, that youre tender and godly zeale dooeth more delight in the holye songes of veritie, then in any fayned rymes of vanytie, I am encouraged to trauayle further in the saide booke of psalmes: trustynge that as youre Grace taketh pleasure to heare them song sometymes of me, so ye will also delyght, not only to see and reade thē youre selfe, but also to commaunde them to bee songe to you of others: that as ye haue the psalme it selfe in youre mynde, so ye maye iudge myne endeuoure by youre eare. And yf I

maye

maye perceyue youre Maiestie wyl-
lynglye to accepte my wyl herin, where
my doyng is no thanke woythy, and to
fauour so this my beginning, that my
labour be acceptable in perfourming
the residue, I shall endeuoure my self
with diligence, not only to enterpryse
that which better learned ought moze
iustlye to doe, but also to perfourme
that without faulte, which youre Ma-
iestie wyll receyue with iuste thanke.

The Lozd of earthli kinges, geue
youre Grace daily encrease of
honour and vertue, and ful-
fyll all youre Godlie re-
questes in hym, with-
out whose gifte we
haue oz can ob-
tain nothing.
Amen.

(:)

¶ The Psalmes of Dauid in Metre.

Beatus vir. Psal. i.

Howe happye be the ryghteous men
this psalme declareth plaine:
And howe the wayes of wicked men
be damnable and vayne.

The man is blest that hath not gone
by wicked rede astraye:
Ne sate in chayre of pestilence,
nor walke in sinners waye.
But in the lawe of God the Lorde
doth set his whole delyghte:
And in that lawe doth exercise
hymselfe bothe day and nyght.
And as the tree that planted is,
fast by the riuer side:
Euen so shall he bryngе forth his fruit
in his due time and tide.
His leafe shall neuer fall awaye,
but florishe styll and stande:

Ech

Eche thinge shall prosper wonders well
that he doth take in hande.
So shall not the vngodly doe,
they shalbe nothing so:
But as the duste whiche from the earth
the windes driue to and fro.
Therfore shall not the wicked men,
in iudgement stande vpryghte:
Ne yet in counsayle of the iuste,
but shal be voyde of myght.
For why the waye of godly men
vnto the lorde is knowne:
And eke the waye of wicked men
shall quyte be ouerthrowne.

Quare fremue. psal. ii.

How heathē kinges did Christ withsay:
yet he was king of all: (stande
And of the counsell that he gaue
to kinges terrestriall.

Why did the gentiles fret & fume,
what rage was in their brayne?
Why did the Jewish people muse
on matters that wer vayne?

The kynges and rulers of the earthe
ſtoode vp and did conuente:
Againſte the lorde and Chriſte his ſonne
whyche he amonge vs ſente.

Shal we be bounde to them ſaye they:
let all their bondes be broke:
And of theyr doctryne and theyr lawe
let vs reiect the yoke.

But he that in the heauen dwelth
theyr dooynges will deride:
And make them all as mockyng ſtockes
throughout the worlde ſo wyde.

For in his wrath the lorde will ſpeake
to them vpon a daye:
And in his fury trouble them,
and then the lorde will ſaye.

Of hym was I appoynted kynge
vpon his holy hill:
To preache the people his preceptes,
and to declare hys wyll.

For in this wiſe the lorde himſelfe
dyd ſaye to me I wot:
Thou art my dere and onely ſonne,
to daye I thee begot.

All people I ſhall geue to thee,
as heyres at thy requeſt:
The endes and coaſtes of all the earthe,

vp

by thee shall be possest.
Thou shalt them rule and gouerne all
and breake them like a God:
As thou wouldest breake an earthen pot
euen with an yron rod.
Now ye, O kynges and rulers all,
be wise therfore and learnde:
By whom the matters of the worlde
be iudged and discernde.
See that ye serue the lorde aboue,
in trembling and in feare:
See that with reuerence ye reioyce,
to hym in lyke maner.
See that ye kisse and eke embrace,
his blessed sonne I saye:
Lest in his wrathe ye perish all,
and wander from his waye.
For when his wrathfull sodenly
shall kyndle in his brest:
Then all that put theyr trust in hym
shall certaynly be blest.

Domine quid multi. psal. iii.

The passion here is figured,
and howe Christ rose agayne.

So

So is the churche and feithfull men,
their trouble and their payne.

O Lorde howe many doe encrease,
and trouble me full sore:
Howe many saye vnto my soule,
God will hym saue no more:

But thou O Lorde art my defence
when I am harde bestead:
My worshyp and myne honour bothe,
and thou holdest vp my head.

And with my voyce vpon the lord
I doe bothe call and crye:
And he out of hys holy hyll,
dothe heare me by and by.

I layed me down and quyetly
I slept and rose agayne:
For why, I knowe assuredly,
the lorde will me sustayne.

Ten thousande men haue compast me
yet am I not a frayd:
For thou art still my lorde my god,
my sauyour and myne ayde.

Thou smitest all thyne enemyes
euen on the hard cheke bone:
And thou hast broken all the teeth

of

of eche vngodly one.
Saluacion only doth belonge
to thee, O Lorde aboue:
Bestowe therfore vpon thy folke,
thy blessyng and thy loue,

Cum inuocarem. psal. iiii.

God hearde the prayer of the churche
mennes vanities are shente:
With sacrifice of righteousnesse,
the Lorde is best contente.

O God that arte my righteousnesse,
lorde heare me when I call:
Thou hast set me at libertie
when I was bonde and thrall.
O mortall men how longe wyll ye,
the glory of God despyse?
Why wander ye in vanitie,
and folowe after lyes?
Knowyng that good and godly men,
the lorde doth take and chuse:
And when to him I make my plainte,
he doth me not refuse.
Sinne not, but stande in awe therfore,

examine

examine well thyne hearte:
And in thy chamber quietly
thou ſhalt thy ſelfe conuerte.
Offer to God the ſacrifice,
of righteouſneſſe I ſaye:
And looke that in the liuyng lorde
thou put thy truſte alwaye.
The greater ſort craue worldli goodes
and riches doe embrace:
But Lord graunt vs thy countenaunce,
thy fauour and thy grace.
Wherwith thou ſhalte make all our
more ioyfull and more glad: (hertes
Than they that of thy corne and wyne
full greate encreaſe haue had.
In peace therfore lye downe wyll I
taking my reſt and ſlepe:
For thou art he that onely doeſt
al men in ſafetye kepe.

Verba mea auribus. pſal. v.

The churche doth pray and prophecy
that God doth not regarde,
Lyers and bloudye Sciſmatikes,
but good men haue rewarde.

In Metre.

POnder my woordes O lord aboue,
my dudye Lorde consider:
And heare my voyce my kyng my God
to thee I make my prayer.

Lord thou shalt heare me call betime
for I wyll haue respecte:
My prayer early in the morne,
to thee for to directe.

And only thee I wyll beholde,
thou arte the God alone:
That is not pleasde with wickednes,
and ill in thee is none.

And in thy sight there shall not stande
these furious fooles, O lorde:
Wayne workers of iniquitie,
of thee shalbe abhorde.

The lyers and the flatterers,
thou shalt destroye them than:
And thou wilt hate the bloud thyrstie,
and the deceyptfull man.

But I will come into thy house
trustyng vpon thy grace:
And reuerently will woorshipt thee,
towarde thyne holy place.

Lorde leade me in thy righteousnes
for to confounde my foes:
And eke the waye that I shall walke,
before

before my face diſcloſe.
For in their mouthes there is no truth
their hearte is foule and vayne:
Their throte an open ſepulchre,
their tongues doe gloſe and fayne.
Condemne them and their counſels all
let their deuiſe decaye:
Subuert them in their heapes of ſinne,
for they did thee betraye.
But thoſe that put their truſte in thee
let them be glad alwayes:
And render thankes for thy defence,
and geue thy name the prayſe.
For thou with fauoure foloweſt,
the iuſt and righteous ſtyll:
And with thy grace as with a ſhyelde
defendeſt him from yll.

Domine ne in furore. pſalm. vi.

The troubled ſoule with ſinne opreſte
on God for grace dothe call:
Though he ſumtime turne backe hys face
from faith it doth not fall.

LOrde in thy wrath reproue me not
thoughe I deſerue thyne Ire:

Next

Me yet correct me in thy rage,
O lorde I thee desyre.
For I am weake, therefore O Lorde
of mercye me forbeare:
And heale me lord, for why thou knowest
my bones doe quake for feare.
My soule is troubled very sore,
and vexed vehemently:
But lorde, howe longe wilt thou delay,
to cure my miserye?
Lord turne thee to thy wonted grace,
my selly soule vp take:
O saue me, not for my desertes,
but for thy mercyes sake.
For why, no man emong the dead,
remembreth thee one whit:
Or who shall worship thee, O Lorde,
in the infernall pit?
So grieuous is my playnt and mone,
that I ware wondrous faint:
And wash my bed where as I couche,
with teares of my complaint:
My beautie fadeth cleane awaye,
with anguyshe of myne hearte:
For feare of those that be my foes,
and woulde my soule subuerte.
But nowe away from me all ye,

that worke iniquitie:
For why the lord hath heard the voyce,
of my complaint and crye.
He heard not onely the request,
and prayer of my hearte:
But it receyued at my hande,
and tooke it in good parte.
And nowe my foes, that vexed me,
the lorde wyll soone defame:
And sodenly confounde them all,
to their rebuke and shame.

Domine deus meus. psal. vii.

The churche against her foes to god,
her sufferaunce doth declare:
The wicked which woulde work dis-
are trapt in their owne snare. (ceit

O Lorde my god, I put my truste
and confidence in thee:
Saue me from them that me pursue,
and eke deliuer me.
Lest lyke a lion they deuoure,
my soule in pieces small:
Whyles there is none to succour me,
and rydde me out of thrall.

O Lorde

O Lorde my God if I haue done,
the thyng that is not right:
Or els if I be founde in sinne,
or guiltie in thy sight.
Or haue rewarded ill for yll,
to those that harmed me:
Or rashly robbde myne enemye,
with great extremitie.
Then let my foes pursue my soule,
and eke my life downe thrust:
Vnto the yearthe, and also laye
myne honour in the dust.
Ye not, stert vp lorde in thy wrathe,
and put my foes to payne:
Performe me thy vengeaunce promised
to suche as me disdayne.
And that thy flocke maie come to thee
and knowe thee by this thing:
Exalte thy selfe in maiestie,
as their chiefe lorde and kynge.
That art reuenger of all folke,
O lorde reuenge thou me:
Accordyng to my righteousnes,
and myne integrite.
Lorde ceasse the hate of wicked men,
and be the iust mans gide:
By whom the secretes of all heartes,

are searched and descride.
I take my helpe to come of God,
in all my griefe and smarte:
That doth preserue all those that bee,
of pure and perfect hearte.
For God a ryght reuenger is,
and patient with his power:
He threatneth styll, yet we prouoke
his vengeaunce euery houre.
And yf we will not turne to him,
the lorde wyll than be gynne:
His sweorde to whet, his bowe to bend,
and stryke vs for our sinne.
He wyll prepare his killing tooles,
and sharpe his arowes preste:
To stryke and pearce with violence,
the persecutours brest.
For why, the wicked trauayled
in myschiefe men to cast:
Conceyued sorow and brought forth
vngodly fraude at laste.
And digde a cane and caste it vp,
in hope to hurte his brother:
But he shall fall into the pit,
that he digde vp for other.
Thus wrong returneth to the hurte,
of him in whom it bred.

And all the mischiefe that he wrought,
shall fall vpon his head.
I will geue thankes to God therfore,
that iudgeth rightwisely:
And with my song shall prayse the name
of hym that is moste hye.

Domine dominus noster. psal. viii

Gods glory is so greate in earth,
that babes doe it declare:
So doth the state of man to whom
all creatures subiect are.

IN earth O Lord howe wonderful,
is thy great maiestie?
That lyfteth vp thy laude and prayse,
a boue the heauens hye.
For why, ỹ mouthes of suckig babes,
thyne honour doe disclose:
Thou makest infantes ouercome,
thy mightie mortall foes.
And when I see the heauens high,
the woorkes of thyne owne hande:
The Sunne, the Moone and al the starres

in order as they stande.

What thing is man, Lord, thinke I that
that thou doste hym remember?
Or what is mannes posterytie,
that thou doste it consider?

For thou haste made hym litle lesse,
then Aungels in degree:
And thou hast crounedhim at laste,
with glory and dignitie.

Thou hast prefarde hym to be lorde,
of all thy woorkes of wonder:
And at his fete haste set all thynges,
that he shoulde kepe them vnder.

Al shepe and neate, and al beastes els,
that in the fieldes doe fede:
Foules of the ayre, fishe in the sea,
and all that therin breede.

Therfore must I saye once agayne,
O Lorde, that arte our Lorde:
Howe famous is thy maiestie,
esteemed through the worlde.

Confitebor tibi, psal. ix.

The faithfull geue greate thankes to (god,
for that he doth destroye:

Their

Their enmies all, and helpe the poore
that none doth them annoye.

O Lord with all my heart and mind.
I will geue thankes to thee:
And speake of al thy wonderous workes
vnsearcheable of me.

I wil be glad and muche reioyce,
in thee, O God moste hye:
And make my songes extoll thy name,
aboue the starrye skye.

For that my foes are driuen backe,
and turned vnto flyght:
They fall downe flat and are destroyed
by thy greate force and myght.

Thou haste reuenged all my wronge,
my griefe and all my grudge:
Thou dost with iustice heare my cause
moste like a righteous iudge.

Thou doste rebuke the heathen folke
and wicked so confounde:
That afterwarde the memorye,
of them cannot be founde.

The force and weapon of thy foes,
thou takest cleane awaye:
When cities wer destroied by thee,

theyr name did eke decaye.
But euermore in dignitie,
the lorde doth rule and raigne:
And in the ſeate of equitie,
true iudgement doth maintayne.
With iuſtice he doth kepe and guyde,
the worlde and euery wight:
With conſcience and with equitie,
he yeldeth folke their right.
He is protector of the poore,
what time they be oppreſt:
He is in all aduerſitie,
theyr refuge and their reſt.
All they that knowe thy holy name,
therfore doe truſte in thee:
For thou forſakeſt not theyr ſuite,
in their neceſſities.
Sing pſalmes therfore vnto the lord,
that dwelth in Sion hyll:
Publyſhe monge the people plaine,
his counſels and his wyll.
For he is mindefull of the blonde,
of thoſe that be oppreſt:
And prunteth ſtil the poore mans plaine
within his bleſſed breſte.
And though my foes doe trouble me
thy mercy doth remayne;

yea, from the gates of deathe O Lorde,
thou raiſeſt me agayne.
In Syon that I ſhoulde ſet foorth,
thy prayſe with hearte and voyce:
And that in thy ſaluacion Lorde,
my ſoule ſhoulde muche reioyce.
When I cattell folke fall in the pit,
that they themſelues preparde:
And in the nette that they doe ſet,
their owne fete fynd they ſnarde.
Thus when ye ſee the wicked man,
lye trapte in his owne warke:
God ſheweth his iudgement, which wer
for worldly men to marke. (good,
The wicked and the ſinneful menne,
goe downe to hell for euer:
And all the people of the worlde.
that wyll not god remember.
But ſure the lorde will not forget,
the poore mannes griefe and payne:
The patient people neuer looke,
for helpe of god in vayne.
Than lorde aryſe leſt men preuayle,
that be of worldly myght:
And let the heathen folke receyue,
theyr iudgemente in thy ſyght.
Lord ſtrike ſuch terror, feare & drede,

into the heartes of them:
That they maye knowe aſſuredly,
they be but mortall men.

Vt quid domine. pſal, x

This pſalme doth ſhewe the grieuous (plaint
of an afflicted minde:
And ſetteth forth the wicked workes
of perſecutours blinde.

WHat is the cauſe that thou O lord
art now ſo farre fro thyne?
And kepeſt cloſe thy countenaunce,
from vs this troubleous tyme?
The poore doth periſhe by the proud,
and wicked mens deſyre.
Let them be taken in the crafte,
that they themſelues conſpire.
For of the luſte of his owne hearte,
thungodly man dothe boſte,
And prayſeth muche the couetous,
whom God abhorreth moſte.
Thungodly is ſo proude that he,
of God ſtecoumpteth nought:
He wyll not call on God to knowe,

his

his counsel and his thought.
But walketh wrong, for lord thy waies
be farre out of his sight:
Wherfore he runneth to reuenge,
his enmies with dispight.
And euche he sayth vnto himselfe,
as one deuoyde of grace:
I will let slip no tyme, quod he,
when malice maye take place.
His mouth is full of cursednes,
of fraude, deseeipt and guyle:
Vnder his tongue doth sorow sit,
and trauayle all the whyle.
He lyeth hid in secret stretes,
to slea the innocent:
Agaynst the poore that passe hym by,
his cruell eyes are bente.
And lyke a lyon prieuely,
lyeth lurkyng in his denne:
If he maye snare them in his nette,
to spoyle poore simple men.
And for the nones ful craftely,
he croucheth downe, that they:
By coulour of his humblenesse
maye soone become his praye.
Tushe god forgetteth this saieth he,
therefore maye I be holde:

His

His countenaunce is caste aslyde,
he doth it not beholde.

Arise O Lorde, O God in whom
the poore mans hope doth reste:
Lift vp thy hande forget not lorde,
the poore that be oppreste.

What blasphemie is this to thee,
lorde dosse not than abhorre it?
To heare the wicked in their hartes,
say tushe thou caresi not forit.

But thou seest all this wickednesse,
and well dosse vnderstande:
That freendlesse and poore fatherlesse,
are left into thy hande.

Of wicked and malicious men,
than breake the power forever:
That they with their iniquitie,
maye perishe altogether.

For thou doest raigne for euermore,
as lorde and god alone:
But all the heathen of the earth,
shall perishe euerychone.

Lord hearke to the poore mens plaint
their prayer and requeste.
Geue eare to that, ỹ thou hast wrought
within the poore mans breste.

Reuenge the poore and fatherlesse,

and

and helpe them to theyr ryght:
That they may be no more oppreſt,
with men of worldly mighte.

In domino confido. pſal. xi.

Though faithful mē that truſt in god
be here in earth oppreſt:
yet he from heauen ſeeth their griefe
and doth prepare them reſt.

I truſt in God, howe dare ye than,
ſaye thus my ſoule vntill?
Flee hence as faſt as any foule,
and hyde thee in thyne hyll.

Behold, the wicked bēd their bowes,
and make theyr arowes prieſt:
To ſhote in ſecrete, and to hurte,
the ſounde and harmeleſſe briefte.

That they may bringe all godlyneſſe,
to ruine and decaye:
For as for iuſte and righteous men,
what can they doe or ſaye?

But he that in his Temple is,
moſte holy and moſte hye:

And

And in the heauen hath his ſeat,
of royall maieſtie.
The poore and ſimple mans eſtate,
conſidereth in his minde:
And ſearcheth out full narowly,
the maners of mankinde.
And with a cherefull countenaunce,
the righteous man doth vſe:
But in his hearte he doth abhorre,
all ſuche as miſchiefe muſe.
And on the ſinners caſteth ſnares,
as thicke as any rayne:
Of tẽpeſtes, ſtormes, & brimſtone fires,
appoynted for theyr payne.
Ye ſee then how a righteous God,
doth righteouſneſſe embrace:
And vnto truthe and equitie,
cheweth foorth his pleaſaunt face.

Saluũ me fac domine. pſal. xii.

The wante of good men is bewailde,
yll tongues are threatened ſore:
Gods word is true, who ſaith he wyll
the poore to right reſtore.

In Metre.

HElpe lorde for good and godly mē,
doe perishe and decaye:
And faith and trueth from worldly men.
is parted cleane awaye.

Whoso doth with his neighbour talke,
his talke is all but vayne:
For euery heart bethinketh how,
to flatter, lye and fayne.

But flattering and disceitfull lippes
and tongues that be so stout:
To speake proude thinges againste the
the lorde will sure cut out. (lorde,

yet saye they styll, we will prevayle,
oure tongues shall vs extolle:
Oure tongues are ours, we ought to
what lorde shall vs controlle? (speake

But for the great complaint and crie,
of poore and men oppress:
Arise will I nowe sayth the lorde,
and helpe them all to reste.

Gods worde is like to silver pure,
that from the earth is tride:
And hath no lesse then seuen tymes,
in fyer been purified.

Nowe since thy promes is to helpe,
lorde kepe thy promise then:
And saue vs from the curstdnes,

of this ylll kynde of men.
For nowe the wicked worlde is full,
of miſchiefe manifolde:
Whan vanytie with mortall men,
ſo highly is extolde.

Vſquequo domine. pſal. xiii.

Though god ſomtime ſeme to forget
thaffliccion of the iuſte:
At him alone they ſeke relieſe,
and in hys mercye truſte.

HOw long wilt thou forget me lord,
ſhall I neuer be remembred?
Howe longe wilte thou thy vyſage hide
as though thou wer offended.
In hearte and mynde how long ſhal I
with care tormented bee?
Howe longe eke ſhall my deadlye foe,
thus triumphe ouer me?
Beholde me nowe my lorde my God,
relieue me with thy breath:
Lighten myne eyes in ſuch a wyſe,
that I ſlepe not in death.
Leſte thus mine enimye ſaye to me,
beholde,

behoulde I doe preuayle:
Lest they also that hate my soule,
reioyce to see me quayle.
But from the mercy of the lorde,
my hope shall neuer starte:
In whose reliefe and sauyng health,
ryght ioyfull is myne hearte.
Who dealt with me so louyngly,
that I haue cause to synge:
In prayse of his moste holy name,
that is moste myghty kynge.

Dixit insipiens. psal. xiiii.

The wicked saye there is no god,
mans workes are all infect:
Perishe shall they that truste therin,
grace saueth the elect.

There is no God, as foolishe men
affyrme in theyr mad moode:
Theyr study is corrupt and vayne,
not one of them doth good.
The lorde beheelde from heauen hyghe
the maners of mankynde:

And ſaw not one that ſought about,
his lyuing God to fynde.
They went al wyde and were corrupt,
and truely there was none:
That in the worlde did any good,
I ſaye there was not one.
Did they know God or worſhip him,
that were ſo ſwyftly led:
My people to deuoure and ſpoyle,
and eate them vp like bread?
But they ſhall feele a fearfull tyme,
when God ſhall ſaye to them:
Standyng among the company,
of good and ryghteous men.
Ye mocke the counſell of the poore,
on God when they did call:
But they did put theyr truſte in God,
and he dyd helpe them all.
But who ſhall geue thy people helthe,
and when wilt thou fulfyll:
The promiſe made to Iſrael,
from out of Syon hyll?
And turne theyr thrall to libertie,
in bond that long are lad:
That Iacob maye therin reioyce,
and Iſrael may be glad.

Domine quis habi. pſal. xv.

In Metre.

To those that leade a Godly lyfe,
the lorde doth promise rest:
The frutes of their vnfained fayth,
are lively here expresst.

O Lorde within thy tabernacle,
who shall inhabite still?
Or whom wylte thou receyue to reste,
in thy most holy hyll?

The man whose lyfe is vncorrupt,
whose workes are iuste and streyghte:
Whose hert dothe speke the very truth,
whose tong doth no disceyte.

Nor to hys neyghboure doth none ill,
in body, goodes or name:
Ne seketh not to bringe his frend,
to take rebuke and shame.

That in his heart regardeth not,
malicious wicked men:
But those that loue and feare the lord,
he maketh muche of them.

His othe and all his promyses,
that kepeth faithfully:
Although he make hys couenaunt so,

that he doth lose therby.
That putteth not to vsury,
his money and his coyne:
Ne for to hurte the innocent,
doth bribe or els purloyne.
Whoso doth all thynge as ye see,
that here is to be done:
Shall neuer perishe in this worlde,
nor in the worlde to come.

Conserua me dñe. psal. xvi.

We nede no bloudie sacrifice,
Christe once for all was slayne:
And rose agayne frō deathe & hell,
they could hym not retayne.

LOrde kepe me, for I truste in thee,
and doe confesse in deede:
Thou art my God, and of my good
O Lorde thou hast no neede.
I geue my goodnes to the saynctes,
that in the worlde doe dwell:
And namely to the faythful flocke,
in vertue that excell.
As for theyr bloudy sacrifice,

and

and offringes of that kynde:
I will haue none, nor yet theyr name,
for to be had in minde.
For why the lorde the portion is,
of myne inheritaunce:
And he it is that will restore,
to me my lot and chaunce.
The place wherin my lot dyd fall,
in beauty did excell:
Myne heritage assynde to me,
doth please me wonders well.
I thanke the lorde that counseld me,
to vnderstande the ryght:
By whose aduise I seeke remorse
of conscience in the nyght.
I set the lorde before myne eyes,
and trust hym ouer all:
And he doth stande on my right hande,
lest I myght happlye fall.
Wherfore my hearte is very glad,
my glory muche increast:
That at the laste I shal be sure,
my flesche in hope shall reaste.
Thou wilt not leaue my soule in hell,
for Lorde thou louest me:
Nor yet wylt geue thyne holy one,
corruption for to see.

But rather to the pathe of lyfe,
Wilt gladly me restore:
For at thy right hande is my ioye,
And shalbe euermore.

Exaudi domine. psal. xvii.

Gods church mans doctrine doth des-
his worde alone to trust: (pise,
The worldly wish none other welthe
but here to liue at lust.

O Lord heare out my right request,
attende when I complayne:
And heare the prayer that I put furthe
with lippes that doe not fayne.

And let the iudgement of my cause
procede alwaye from thee:
For thou doest ponder and perceyue,
what thing is equitee.

Serche out and trye me in the night,
and thou shalt nothyng fynde:
That I haue spoken with my tong,
that was not in my mynde.

But from the workes of wicked men,
and pathes peruerse and ill:

For loue of thy moste holy woorde,
I haue refrayned styll.
Than in thy pathes that be most pure,
lorde thou mayest me preserue:
That from the waye wherin I walke,
my steppes may neuer swerue.
For I doe call to thee, O lorde,
for succour and for ayde:
Than heare my prayer & way right well
the woordes that I haue sayde.
Be good to those that truste in thee,
and in thy fayth doe stande:
But pittie not those that resist,
the power of thy ryght hande.
And kepe me lorde as thou wouldest
the apple of thyne eye: (kepe
And vnder couert of thy wynges,
defende me secretly.
From wycked men that trouble me,
and dayly me annoye:
And from my foes that goe about,
my soule for to destroye.
Whych wallow in their woorldly welth
so full and eke so fat:
That in theyr pryde they doe not spare
to speake they care not what.
They lye in wayt where I should passe

With craft me to confounde:
And muſyng myſchiefe in their mindes
they caſt theyr eyes to grounde.
Muche lyke a Lyon gredely,
that woulde his praye embrace:
Or lurkyng lyke a Lions whelpe,
within ſome ſecret place.
Vp lorde and ouerturne theſe folke,
diſperſe them lyke a god.
Redeme my ſoule from wicked men,
whiche are thy ſwerde and rod.
I meane from worldly men, to whom
all worldly goodes are ryfe:
That haue no hope nor parte of ioye,
but in this preſent lyfe.
But of thy ſtore for to be fylde,
with pleaſure to theyr mynde:
And to haue children vnto whom,
they maye leane all behynde.
But I ſhall come before thy face,
both innocent and cleare:
And all my ioy ſhal be when thou,
in glory ſhalt appeare.

Celi enarrant. pſal. xix.

All creatures ſet gods glory furthe

his

his woorde and law doth fill,
The world throughout, as hony swete
conuerting soules from yll.

THe heauens and the firmament,
doe wonderfly declare:
The glory of God omnypotente,
hys woorkes and what they are.
Eche daye declareth by his course,
an other day to come:
And by the nyght we knowe lykewyse,
a nyghtly course to runne.
There is no language, tong or speche
where theyr sounde is not heard:
In all the earth and coastes therof,
theyr knowledge is conferde.
In them the lorde made royally,
a settle for the sunne:
Where lyke a Gyaunt ioyfully,
he might his iourney runne.
And all the skie from ende to ende,
he compas rounde aboute:
No man can hide him from hys heate
but he will fynde hym out.
So perfyt is the lawe of God,
his testimony sure:

Con-

Conuertyng ſoules, and maketh wyſe
the ſimple and obſcure.
Juſt is the iudgement of the Lorde,
and gladdeth hearte and mynde:
Pure hys precept and geueth lyghte,
to eyes that bee full blynde.
The feare of God is very cleane:
and doth endure for euer:
The iudgementes of the lorde are true,
and righteous altogether.
And more to be embraſt of thee,
then fined golde I ſaye:
The hony and the hony combe
are not ſo ſwete as they.
By them be al thy ſeruauntes taught,
to haue thee in regarde:
And in performaunce of the ſame,
there ſhalbe greate rewarde.
But lord what earthly man doth know
how oft he doth offende?
Than cleanſe my ſoule from ſecret ſinne
my lyfe that I may mende.
And kepe me that preſumpteous ſin-
preuayle not ouer me: (nes
And than ſhall I be innocent,
and great offences flee.
Accept my mouth and eke my hearte,
my

my woordes and thoughtes eche one:
For my redemer and my strength,
O lorde thou artte alone.

Exaudiat te. psal. xx.

As God preserued Christ his sonne
in trouble and in thrall:
So when we cal vpon the lord
he will preserue vs all.

In trouble and aduersitie,
the lorde will heare thee styl:
The maiestie of Jacobs God,
will thee defende from ill.

And sende thee from hys holy place,
hys helpe at euery nede:
And so in Syon stablysh thee,
and make thee stronge in deede.

Remembring well the sacrifice
that thou to hym hast done:
And doth receyue ryght thankefully,
thyne offerynges euery chone.

Accordyng to thy hearres desyre,
the lorde will gene to thee:
And all thy counsell and deuyse,

full well perfourme will he.
In thy saluacion we reioyce,
and magnifye the Lorde:
That thy petitions and request,
preserued with his woorde.
The Lorde will hys annoynted saue,
I knowe well by hys grace:
And send him health from his righthād
out of his holy place.
In charettes some put confydence,
and some in horses truste:
But we remember God our lorde,
that kepeth promise iuste.
They fall downe flat, but we doe ryse
and stande vp stedfastly:
Now saue and helpe vs lorde and kyng,
on thee when we doe crye.

Domine in vir. psal. xxi.

Christes kingdō here he doth describe
with his eternall power:.
Al that rise vp him to resist,
his righthande shall deuoure.

O lorde

In Metre.

O Lorde howe ioyfull is the kynge,
in thy strength and thy power?
Howe behemently he doth reioyce
in thee his sauiour.

For thou haste geuen vnto hym,
hys godly heartes desyre:
To hym haste thou nothyng denyde,
of that he did require.

Thou didst preuēt him with thy giftes
and blessinges manyfolde:
And thou haste set vpon his head,
a croune of perfect golde.

And whan he asked life of thee,
therof thou madest hym sure:
To haue longe lyfe, yea suche a lyfe,
as euer shoulde endure.

Greate is hys glory by thy helpe,
thy benefyte and ayde:
Greate worshyp and great honour both
thou hast vpon hym layde.

Thou wylte gene hym felicitie,
that neuer shall decay:
And with thy cherefull countenaunce,
wilt comforte him alwaye.

For why the kyng doeth strongly trust
in God for to preuayle:
Therfore his goodnes and his grace
wyll

wyll not that he ſhall quayle.
But let thyne enmyes feele thy force
and thoſe that thee withſtande:
Fynde out thy foes, and let them feele,
the power of thy right hande.
And lyke an ouen burne them Lords
in fyrye flame and fume:
Thyne anger will deſtroye them all,
and fyre wyll them conſume.
And thou wilt roote out of the earthe
theyr fruite that ſhoulde increaſe:
And from the number of thy folke,
theyr ſeede ſhall end and ceaſe.
For why muche miſchiefe did they
againſt thyne holy name: (muſe
yet did they fayle and had no power,
for to perfourme the ſame.
Therfore ſhalt thou ryght valeauntly
put them to flight and chaſe:
And charge thy bowſtrynges redilye,
againſt thyne enmies face.
Be thou exalted Lorde therfore,
in thy ſtrength euery houre:
So ſhall we ſyng ryght ſolemnely,
prayſyng thy might and power.
Ad te domine leuaui, pſal. xxv.

For

In Metre.

For ayde againſte her enemies,
the faithfull churche doth pray:
For pacience in aduerſitie,
and for the perfect waye.

I Lyft myne hearte to thee,
my God and guyde moſte iuſt:
Nowe ſuffer me to take no ſhame,
for in thee doe I truſt.
Let not my foes reioyce,
nor make a ſcorne of me:
And let them not be ouerthrowne,
that put theyr truſt in thee.
Confounded are all ſuche,
whoſe doynges are but vayne.
O lorde therfore thy pathes and wayes
declare vnto me playne.
Direct me in thy ſtrength,
and teache me I thee praye:
Thou arte my god and ſauiour,
that helpeſt me euery daye.
Thy mercyes manifolde,
I praye thee lorde remembre:
And eke thy pitie plentifull,
that doth endure for euer.
Remember not the faultes,

and

and frayltye of my youthe:
Remembre not howe ignorannte,
I haue been of thy trueth.
Nor after my deſertes,
let me thy mercy fynde:
But of thyne owne benignitie,
Lorde haue me in thy mynde.
His mercy is full ſwete,
his trueth the perfect waye:
Therfore the lorde will geue a lawe,
to them that go aſtraye.
For all the wayes of god,
are truthe and mercy bothe:
To them that ſeke his teſtamente
the witneſſe of hys troth.
Nowe for thy holy name,
O Lorde I thee entreate:
To graunte me pardon for my ſynne,
for it is wonderous greate.
Whoſo doth feare the lorde,
the lorde doth hym dyrecte:
To leade his lyfe in ſuche a waye,
as he doth beſt accepte.
His ſoule ſhall euermore
in goodneſſe dwell and ſtande:
His ſeede and his poſterytie,
enheryte ſhall the lande.

In Metre.

To those that feare the lorde
he is a firmament:
And vnto them he doth declare,
his will and testamente.

My eares and eke my hearte,
to hym I will aduaunce:
That plucke my feete out of the snare,
of wilfull ignoraunce.

With mercy me beholde,
to thee I make my mone:
For I am poore and solytarye,
comfortlesse alone.

The troubles of myne hearte,
are multyplyed in dede:
Bringe me out of thys mysserye,
necessitie and nede.

Beholde my ponertye,
myne anguysshe and my payne:
Remit my sinne and myne offence,
and make me cleane agayne.

O Lorde beholde my foes,
howe they doe styll increase:
Pursuyng me with deadly hate,
that fayne woulde lyue in peace.

Preserue and kepe my soule,
and eke delyuer me:
And let not me be ouerthrowen,

Becauſe I truſte in thee.
The iuſte and innocente,
by me doe ſticke and ſtande:
Becauſe I loke for to receyue,
my ſuccoure at thy hande.
Deliuer Lorde thy folke,
that be of thy belyefe:
Deliuer lorde thyne Iſraell,
from all hys payne and greefe.

Ad te domine. pſal. xxviii.

This pſalm ſetteth out the Phariſeis with flattering heartes vncleane: And ſheweth how god is al our ſtrength by Chriſt our onely meane.

O Lorde I call to thee for helpe,
and yf thou me forſake:
I ſhalbe likened vnto them,
that fall into the lake.
The voyce of thy ſupplyaunt heare,
that vnto thee doth crye:
When I lefte vp my heart and handes,
vnto thy heauens hye.

Repute

In Metre.

Repute me not among the forte
of wicked and peruerte:
That speake right faire vnto their frend
and thynke full ill in hearte. (des
Accordyng to theyr handy worke
as they deserue in dede:
And after theyr inuencions,
let them receyue theyr meede.
They not regarde the workes of God
his lawe ne yet his lore:
Therfore will he theyr workes and them
destroye for euermore.
To render thankes vnto the Lorde,
howe greate a cause haue I:
My voyce, my praier and my complaint
that hearde so willyngly.
He is my shilde and fortitude,
my buckeler in distresse:
My hope, my helpe, my heartes relefe,
my songe shall hym confesse.
He is our strength and our defence,
our enmies to resist:
The healthe and the saluacion,
of his elect by Christe.
Thy people and thyne heritage,
thy blessed worde preserue:
Extol thy flocke with faithfull foode

that they may neuer swerue.

Afferte domino .psal.xxix.

As Dauid did the temple decke
with earthlye sacrifice:
So Christes churche with spirituall (giftes
ye muste adorne likewise.

GIue to the lorde ye potentates,
and princes of the worlde:
ye rammes that gide the christen flocke
geue laude vnto the lorde.

Geue glorye to his holy name,
and honour hym alone:
Worship him in his maiestye,
within his holy throne.

His voyce dothe rule the waters all,
euen as him selfe doth please:
He doth prepare the thunder clappes,
and gouerneth all the seas.

Of vertue is the voyce of God,
and wonderous excellent:
Of full greate purpose and effecte,
and muche magnificent.

Hys voyce doth breake in Libanus,
the

the Cedre trees full longe.
Whiche for theyr hyghnes are compard
to mightye men and strong.
Whom god wyll strike with feareful=
and make them all as mylde: (nes
As calues that come to sacrifice,
or haycornes full wilde.
His voyce deuideth flames of fyer,
and shaketh the wildernes:
He maketh the deserte quake for feare
that called is Cades.
His voyce doth make the wilde hartes
and maketh the couert plaine: (tame
And in his temple euery manne,
his glorye dothe proclayme.
He stayed the rage of Noes floude,
and stopped the read see:
And kepeth his seat as lorde and kynge
in hys eternitee.
The lorde doth geue his people power
in vertue to increase:
The Lorde doeth blesse his people eke
with euerlastyng peace.

Beati quorum. psa. xxxii.

God promiseth saluacion, to the repentaunt hearte: Of his mere mercy and his grace, not for the mans deserte.

THe mā is blest whose wickednes,
the lorde hathe cleane remitted:
And he whose sinne and wretchednes
is hyd also and couered.
And blest is he to whom the Lorde
imputeth not his sinne:
Whiche in his heart hath hid no guyle
nor fraude is founde therein.
For whyles that I kept close my sinne
in scilence and constraynte:
My bones did weare and waste awaye
with dayly mone and playnte.
For night and daye thy hande on me
so grieuous was and smert:
That all my blonde and humors moyste
to dryneste dyd conuert.
But when I had confest my faultes
and shroue me in thy syght:
My selfe accusyng of my sinne,
thou diddest forgeue me quite.

Let

In Metre.

Let euerie good man praye therfore,
and thanke the lorde in time:
And then the floudes of cuyll thoughtes
shall haue no power of hym.
Whan trouble and aduersitye,
doe compasse me aboute:
Thou art my refuge and my Joye,
and thou doest ryd me out.
I shall instruct thee sayeth the Lorde,
howe thou shalt walke and serue.
And bend mine eyes vpon thy wayes,
and so shall the preserue.
Be not therfore so ignorannte,
as is the asse and mule:
Whose mouthe without a rayne or bit
ye cannot gyde or rule.
For many be the miseries
that wicked men sustayne,
yet vnto them that truste in God,
his goodnesse doth remayne.
Be mery therfore in the Lorde,
ye iuste lyft vp your voyce:
And ye of pure and perfect hearte
bee glad and eke reioyce.

Benedicam, psal. xxxiiii.

The prophet Dauid praiseth God, warnyng vs to forbeare From euill, and exhorteth vs to lyue in godly feare.

I Wyll geue laude and honor bothe vnto the lorde alwayes:
And eke my mouth for euermore, shall speake vnto hys prayse.
I do delight to laude the lorde, in soule and eke in voyce:
That simple men that suffer payne, maye hear and so reioyce.
Therfore see that ye magnifye, with me the lyuing lorde:
And let vs now exalt his name together with one accorde.
For I my selfe besought the lorde, he aunswered me agayne:
And me deliuered in continente, from all my feare and payne.
Whoso they bee that hym beholde, and shew hym theyr burell:
He dasheth not theyr countenaunce,

but

But graunteth theyr requeſt.
Whoſo in theyr afflictions,
vnto the lorde doth call:
He heareth theyr ſuite withoute delaye
and ridth them out of thrall.
The Aungel of the lorde doth pitche
his tentes in euery place:
to ſaue all ſuche as feare the lorde,
that nothyng them deface.
See and conſider wel therefore,
that God is good and iuſte:
And they be bleſſe that put in him,
theyr onely fayth and truſte.
Feare ye the lorde his holy ones,
aboue all earthly thyng:
For they that feare the liuing lorde,
are ſure to lacke nothyng.
The mightie and the riche ſhall want,
yea, thyrſte and hunger muche:
But as for them that feare the Lorde,
no lacke ſhal be to ſuche.
Come nere therfore my children dere
and to my woorde gene eare:
I ſhall you teache the perfect waye,
how you the lorde ſhoulde feare.
Whoſo woulde leade a bleſſed lyfe,
muſte earneſtly denyſe:

His tong and lippes from all diſceyte,
to kepe in any wyſe.
And turne hys face from doyng yll,
and doe the godly dede:
Enquyre for peace and quyetnes,
and folowe her with ſpede.
For why the eyes of God aboue
vpon the iuſte are bente:
His eares likewyſe are geuen muche
to heare the innocent.
The lord doth frowne & bēd his browes
vpon the wicked trayne:
And cutteth awaye the memorye,
that ſhoulde of them remayne.
But when the iuſt doe call and crye,
the lorde doth heare them ſo:
That out of payne and miſerye,
furthwith he letteth them goe.
The Lorde is kynde and mercyfull,
to ſuche as be contrite:
He ſaueth alſo the ſorowfull,
the meke and poore in ſpirite.
Full many be the miſeries,
that righteous men do ſuffer:
But out of all aduerſityes
the Lorde doth them deliuer.
The lorde doth ſo preſerue and kepe

the

the bones of his alwaye:
That not so muche as one of them
doth perish or decaye.
The wicked dye full wretchedly,
they seeke none other boote:
And those that hate the righteous men,
are pluckt vp by the roote.
But they that serue the liuing lorde
the lorde doth saue them sounde:
And who that put their truste in hym
nothyng shall them confounde.

Beatus qui intel. psal. xli.

The lord will helpe that man againe
that helpeth poore and weake:
The passion here is figured
and resurreccion eke.

The man is bleste that carefull is
the nedy to consider:
For in the season perilous
the lord wil hym deliuer.
The lord wyll make him safe & sounde,
and happy in the lande:

And

And he will not delyuer hym,
into his enmies hande.
And in his bed when he lyeth sicke,
the lorde will hym restore:
And thou O lorde wilt turne to healthy,
his sickenes and his sore.
And in my sickenes thus saye I,
haue mercy lorde on me:
And heale my soule whiche is full woe
that I offended thee.
Myne enmies gaue me yll report,
and thus of me they saye:
When shall he die, that all his name
maye vanyshe quyte awaye?
And where as they goe in and out
for to beholde and see:
They muse muche mischiefe in their (hartes
what so theyr sayinges be.
Mine enmies runne against me still,
together on a thronge:
To take a counsell, and conspire,
how they maye doe me wronge.
Agreeyng on a wicked worde,
and doe determine plaine:
Be he destroyed with death, saye they,
he shall not rise agayne.
The man eke that I trusted moste,
with

With me dyd vse disceit:
Whiche eate with me the bread of lyfe,
the same for me layde wayte.
Haue mercy lorde on me therfore
and let me be preserude:
That I maye render vnto them
the thynges they haue deserude.
By thys I know assuredly
to be beloued of thee:
When that myne enmies haue no cause
to triumphe ouer me.
Because that I am innocent,
Lorde strength me I thee praye:
And in thy presence poynt my place
where I shall dwell for aye.
The lorde the God of Israell,
be praysed nowe therfore:
Whyche hathe been euerlastyngly,
and shalbe euermore.

Iudica me. psal, xliii.

The wofull mind whom wicked men
would with their ill infect:
Doth call to god for right and truth,
his steppes for to directe.

Iudge and defend my cauſe O lord
from thoſe that euyll bee:
From wicked and diſceitfull men,
O Lorde deliuer me.

For of my ſtrength thou arte the God,
why putteſt me thee fro?
And why walke I ſo heauily,
oppreſſed with my foe?

Send out thy light and eke thy trueth
and leade me with thy grace:
Bryngе me vnto thy holy hyll,
and to thy dwellyng place.

That I maye to the alter goe,
of God my ioye and cheare:
And on my harpe geue thankes to thee,
O God, my God moſte deare.

Why art thou than ſo ſad my ſoule,
thus troubled and affrayde:
Styll truſte in god for yet wyll I,
geue thankes to hym for ayde.

Deus auribus. pſal. xliiii.

Gods people ſhewe howe wonderſlye
he holpe their fathers olde:
And much lamẽt that now from thẽ

hys

his hande he doth witholde.

OVr eares haue heard oure fathers (tell
and reuerently recorde:
The wonderous workes that thou haste done
in alder tyme O lorde.
How thou didst wede the gentils out,
and stroyed them with stronge hande:
Planting our fathers in their place,
and gauest to them their lande.
It was not lorde our fathers sweorde
that purchast them that place:
It was thy hand, thyne arme, thy light,
thy countenaunce and grace.
Thou art the king our God that holpe
Jacob in sundrye wyse:
Led with thy power we threwe downe
as did against vs ryse. (such
We trusted not in bowe ne sweorde,
they coulde not saue vs sounde:
Thou keptst vs from our enmies rage,
thou didst our foes confounde.
And still we boaste of thee our God
and prayse thy holy name:
yet nowe thou goest not with our hoste,
but leauest vs to shame.
Wherby we flee before our foes,

and

and so be ouertrod:
yea kylled of heathen folke lyke shepe,
and scattered all abrod.
Thy people thou hast sold like slaues,
in open market steede:
For no rewarde, as though they were,
of none accoumpte in deede.
And to our neighbours thou hast made
of vs a laughyng stocke:
And those that rounde aboute vs dwell,
at vs dor grime and mocke.
The gentils talke, the people scorne,
we be ashamed to see:
How full of slaunder and reproche,
our wicked enmies be.
For all this we forgot not thee,
nor yet thy couenaunte brake:
We turne not backe our heartes from thee
nor yet thy pathes forsake.
yet thou hast trode vs downe to duste,
where dennes of dragons be:
And couered vs with deadly darke,
and greate aduersitie.
And yf we had forgot thy name,
and helpe of Idols sought:
Than hadst thou cause vs to correcte,
but lorde thou knowest our thought.

And

In Metre.

And howe that for thy sake, O lorde,
we be tormented thus:
As sheepe wer to the shambles sente,
right so they deale with vs.
Up lorde why slepest thou, awake,
and leaue vs not for all:
Why hydest thou thy countenaunce
and dost forget our thrall?
For down to dust our soule is brought
our wombe to earth doth take:
Arise, helpe and deliuer vs,
Lorde for thy mercyes sake.

Audite hec gentes. psal. xlix.

Though ryche men doe oppresse the poore,
discourage not therfore:
For vainly trusting in their goodes,
they perishe euermore.

HEL people hearken and geue eare,
to that that I shall tell:
Both high and lowe, bothe riche & poore
that in the worlde doe dwell.
For why, my mouthe shall make dyscourse
of many thynges right wise:

In vnderstandyng shall my hearte,
his study exercise.
I wyl enclyne myne eare to knowe,
the parables so darke:
And open all my doubtfull speche
in Meter on my harpe.
The wicked dayes and euell time,
why should I feare and doubt:
When the oppressours mischieuous,
doe compasse me about:
For some there be that ryches haue,
in whom theyr trust is moste:
And of theyr treasures infinite,
themselues doe bragge and boaste.
No man can yet by any meane,
his brothers deathe redeme:
Or make agrement acceptable vnto God for hym.
Or paye the raunsome for his soule
that he maye lyue for euer:
And taste of no corruption,
thys lyeth in no mans power.
We see that wise men dye as soone,
as foolysshe men and fonde:
And bothe doe leaue to other men,
their goodes and eke theyr lond.
Although they build thē houses fayre,

and

And doe determine sure:
To make their name right greate in
for euer to endure (yearth,
We see agayne it is not geuen,
with riches to haue rest:
But in that poynte a riche man is,
compared to a beast.
Thys is the foolysh waye they walke,
with pompe to get them fame:
And all theyr frendes that folowe them
doe muche commende theyr same.
Whom death will sone deuoure lyke
whan they are brought to hell: (sheepe
Then shall the iuste in light reioyce,
whan they in darkenes dwell.
yet for all thys I truste that God,
will saue my soule from payne:
And from all suche infernall power,
and comfort me agayne.
If any man waxe wonderous ryche,
feare not I saye therefore:
Although the glory of his house,
encreaseth more and more.
For when he dyeth of all these thinges
nothyng shall he receaue:

Hys glorye wyll not folowe hym,
his pompe will take her leaue.
yet in this life he taketh himselfe
the happiest vnder sunne:
And doth commende all other men,
that doth as he hathe done.
But when he shall goe to hys kynde,
where his forefathers bee:
He shall his felowes kynde full darke,
that light shall neuer see,
A foolishe man whom ryches hathe
to honour thus prefarde:
That doth not know and vnderstande,
is to a beaste comparde.

Deus deus meus. psal. lxiii.

Where as Christes kyngdome is ope the iuste desyre of God: (preste
Aboue all welth that his pure word, maye freely come abrode.

O God my God I watche to come,
to thee in all the haste
For why, my soule and body bothe,
due thirste of the to taste.

As

In Metre.

As drought of earth would water haue
so I desyre eche houre:
For to beholde thy holy house,
thy glory and thy power.

Thy goodnes passeth worldly lyke,
and these vncertayne dayes:
My lippes therfore shall geue to thee
due honour, laude and prayse.

And whyles I lyue I wyll not fayle,
to worship thee alwaye:
And in thy name I shall lifte vp,
my handes when I doe praye.

My soule is greatly satisfyde,
and fareth wonders well:
Whā that my mouth with ioyfull lippes
thy laude and prayse doth tell.

Bothe in my bed I thynke of thee,
and in the euenyng tide:
For vnder couert of thy wynges,
thou art my ioyfull guyde.

My soule doth surely sticke to thee,
thy ryght hande is my power:
And those that seke my soule to stroye
the sweorde shall them deuoure.

The kyng and all men shall reioyce,
that doe professe gods worde:
For lyers mouthes shall now be stopte,

that haue the trueth disturbde.

Exurgat deus. psal. lxviii.

Christes glorious kingdom is declard and howe he shoulde ascende: the church throughout the world doth the Jewes lawe taketh his end. (ioy

LEt God arise and than his foes,
will turne themselues to flight:
His enmies than will runne abroade,
and scatter out of sight.

And as the fyer doth melte the waxe,
and wynde blowe smoke awaye:
So in the presence of the lorde,
the wicked shall decay.

But when the lorde shall come to vs
let righteous men reioyce:
Let them be glad and mery all,
and therefull in theyr voyce.

And syng out laude vnto the lorde,
his name to magnifye:
That sitteth as a sauiour,
aboue the starrye skye.

That same is ye that is aboue,

within the holy place:
That father is of fatherles,
and iudge of wiedowes case.
That same is he that in one mind,
the houshold doth preserue:
That bringeth bond men out of thrall,
when wicked men doe sterue.
When thou whentest out in wilderne
thy maiestie did make:
The earth to quake, the heauens drop,
the mount Sinai to shake.
Thyne heritage with droppes of grace
full liberally is weasht:
And when thy people mourne and plaine
by thee they be refresht.
There shall thy congregation dwell,
where thou doest point the place:
yea for the poore thou doest prepare
of thyne especyall grace.
Thou doest commend thy word O lord
and geue thyne holy spirite.
To all that preache thy gospell pure,
thy glory and thy might.
Kinges with their hostes shall fle away
thy worde shall geue the foyle:
The houshold of the liuing lord,
shall than deuide the spoyle.

Then ſhall the churche be innocente,
and white as ſilner fine:
And in good life more otiently,
than beaten golde ſhall ſhine.
Whan he that ruleth earthly kynges
the earth ſhall order ſo:
Than ſhall the hyll of Salmon be,
as white as milke or ſnowe.
Syns Baſan is the hyll of god,
and fruitfull euery whit:
Than ye the members of that hyll,
why hoppe ye out of it?
Syns god is pleaſed wonders well,
to dwell within thys hyll:
And therin doth determine playne,
for to continue ſtill.
Whoſe charets and his Aungels eke
be thouſandes on a thronge:
As in his mounte of Sinai,
the lorde is them amonge.
The lorde aſcended vpon hye,
and led them bound with hym:
That longe before in bondage laye
of deathe and deadly ſynne.
And as a manne receyued giftes,
and gaue them vnto men:
yea to hys foes he gaue his ſpirit

that god myght dwell in them.

Nowe prayſed by the lorde therfore
and dayly let vs prayſe:
Our god that with his benefites,
doth proſper vs alwayes.

He is the god from whom alone,
ſaluacion commeth playne:
He is the God by whom we ſcape,
from euerlaſtyng payne.

This god will wound his enmies head
and breake the heary ſcalpe:
Of thoſe that in their wickednes,
continually doe walke.

From Baſan will I bryng ſayde he,
my people and my ſhepe:
And all myne owne as I haue done,
from daunger of the depe.

And make thē dip their feete in blood
of thoſe that hate my name:
And dogges ſhall haue their tonges em-
with lickyng of theſame. (brewed

All men may ſee howe thou, O God,
thyne enmies doeſt deface:
And howe thou goeſt as God and kyng,
into thy holy place.

The ſingers goe before with loye,
the minſtrels folowe after:

And in the middes the damſels playe
with tymbrel and with taber.
Nowe in thy congregacions,
O Iſraell prayſe the lorde:
And from the bottome of thy heart,
geue thankes with one accord.
Thy chief is litle Beniamin,
thy counſell princes beene:
Of Iuda and of Zabulon,
and eke of Nepthalim.
As god hath geuen power to thee,
ſo lorde make ferme and ſure:
The thing that thou haſt wrought in vs
for euer to endure.
Than for thy temples ſake ſhal kinges
geue giftes to thee alwayes:
Greater then at Ieruſalem,
of euerlaſting prayſe.
Whan thou ſhalt waſt the wauering
that rage againſt all right: (folke
The ſtout, the nice, the money men,
and thoſe that loue to fyght.
Than out of Egipt ſhall they come,
that longe haue been full blinde:
The Gentiles than ſhall reconcile
to God their ſinfull minde.
Than ſhal the kingdomes of the earth
ſing

Synge prayses to the lorde:
That ouer all doth sit and sende,
to vs his mightie worde.
Therefore the strength of Israll,
ascribe to god on hye:
Whose might & power doth far extende
aboue the cloudy skye.
Gods holines is wonderfull,
and dread for euermore:
And he wyll geue his people power,
praysed be god therefore.

Quam bonus. psal. lxxiii.

He wondereth how the foes of god,
doe prosper and encrease:
And howe the good and godly men,
doe seldome liue in peace.

How good is god to suche as bee,
of pure and perfect hearte?
yet slip my fete awaye from hym,
my steppes decline apart,
And why, because I fondly fall,
in enuye and disdayne:
That wicked men all thynges enioye,
without

Without diſeaſe or payne.
And beare no yoke vpon their neckes
nor burden on theyr backe:
And as for ſtore of worldly goodes
they haue no waute or lacke.
And free from all aduerſities,
when other men be ſhente:
And with the reſt they take no parte
of plage or puniſhement.
Wherby they be full gloryouſly
in pryde ſo hyghe extolde:
And in theyr wronge and violence,
be wrapte ſo many folde.
That by aboundaunce of theyr goodes,
they pleaſe theyr appetite:
And doe all thynges accordyngly
vnto theyr heartes delyte.
All thynges are ſtyle in theyr reſpect,
ſauyng themſelues alone:
They bragge theyr miſchiefe openlye
to make theyr power be knowne.
The heauens and the liuing lorde,
they care not to blaſpheme:
And loke what thyng they talke or ſaye,
the worlde doth well eſteme.
The flocke therefore of flatterers,
doe furniſh vp theyr trayne:

For

For there thei be ful sure to sinke,
some prokite and some gayne.
Tush tush say they vnto themselues,
is there a God aboue?
That knoweth and suffereth all thys yll
and wil not vs reproue?
Loe, ye may see howe wicked menne,
in riches styll increase:
Rewarded well with worldly goodes,
and liue in rest and peace.
Than why doe I from wickednes,
my fantasie refraine:
And wash my handes with innocentes
and cleanse my hearte in vayne?
And suffer scourges euery day,
as subiecte to all blame:
And euery morning from my youth,
sustayne rebuke and shame?
And I had almost sayd as they,
misliking mine estate:
But that I should thy children iudge
as folke vnfortunate.
Than I bethought me howe I might
this matter vnderstande:
But yet the labour was to great,
for me to take in hande.
Vntill the tyme I went into,

thy

thy holy place, and then:
I vnderſtode ryght perfitly
the ende of all theſe men.
And namely howe thou ſetteſt them
vpon a ſlippery place:
And at thy pleaſure and thy will,
thou doeſt them all deface.
Than lorde how ſone doe they conſume
and fearefully decaye?
Muche lyke a dreame when one awaketh
theyr ymage palleth away.
Thus grieued was my heart full ſore,
my minde was muche oppreſt:
So fond was I and ignorannt,
and in thy ſight a beaſt.
yet nathelesſe by my right hande,
thou holdeſt me alwayes faſte:
And with thy counſell doſte me guide,
to glorye at the laſte.
What place is there prepared than
for me in heauen aboue?
There is nothing in earth like thee
that I deſyre or loue.
My fleſhe and eke my hearte do faile,
but God doth feale me neuer:
For of my heart God is the ſtrength,
my portion eke for euer.

And

And loe, all suche as thee forsake,
shall perysh euerychone.
And those that trust in any thyng
sauyng in thee alone.

Attendite. psal. lxxviii.

The couenaunt and the wonderous
of God in Israell: (workes
And how he proued thē with plages,
and yet how oft they fell.

HEre tende my people to my lawe,
and to my woordes encline:
My mouthe shall speake straunge para-
and sentences diuyne. (bles
Which we our selues haue heard and
euen of our fathers syde: (seene
And why the for our instruccion,
our fathers haue vs tolde.

Because we shoulde not kepe it close
from them that shoulde come after:
But shew the power and glory of God,
and all hys woorkes of wonder.

With Jacob he the couenaunt made
how Israell shoulde liue:

And

And made their fathers the ſame lawe
vnto theyr children geue.
That thei and theyr poſteritie
that wer not ſprong vp tho:
Should haue the knowelage of the lawe
and teache their ſede alſo.
That thei might haue the better hope
in god that is aboue:
And not forget to kepe his lawes,
and his preceptes in loue.
Not beeing as their fathers wer,
a kynde of ſuche a ſprite:
That would not frame theyr wicked (hertes
to knowe theyr god aright.
Howe went the people of Ephraim
their neighbours for to ſpoyle:
Shooting their dartes the day of warre
and yet they tooke the foyle?
For why they dyd not kepe with god,
the couenannt that was made:
Nor yet would walke or leade theyr (lyues
accordyng to his trade.
But put into oblivion,
his counſell and his will:
And all his workes moſt magnifique
whiche he declared ſtyll.
What wonders to our forefathers

dyd

dyd he hymselfe disclose:
In Egipt lande within the fielde,
that called is Thaneos:

He dyd deuyde and cut the sea,
that they myght passe at once:
And made the water stande as still,
as doth an heape of stones.

He lead them secret in a cloude
by daye when it was bryght:
And all the nyght when darke it was
with fyer he gaue them lyght.

He brake the rockes in wildernesse,
and gaue the people drinke:
As plentifull as when the depes,
doe flowe vp to the brinke.

He drewe out riuers out of rockes,
that were bothe dry e and harde:
Of suche aboundaunce that no floudes
to them myght be comparde.

yet for all thys agaynste the lorde,
theyr synne dyd styll encrease:
And stirred hym that is most hygh
to wrath in wildernes.

Attempting him within theyr hartes
like people of mistrust:
Requyring suche a kinde of meate,
as serued to theyr luste.

Saying with murmuracion,
in their vnfaithfulnes:
Cannot this God prepare for vs,
a feaste in wildernes?
Beholde, he strake the stony rocke,
and floudes furthwith did flowe:
Doubt not that he can geue his folke
both breade and flesshe also.
Whan God heard this he waxed wroth
with Iacob and his seede:
So did his indignacion,
on Israell procede.
Because they did not faithfully,
beleue and hope that he:
Could alwayes helpe and succour them
in their necessitie.
Wherfore he did cõmaund the clouds
furthwith they brake in sunder:
And rayned downe manna for thẽ to eate
a foode of mikel wonder.
When earthly men with Angels foode
were fedde at theyr request:
He bad the east winde blowe awaye,
and brought in the southwest.
And rayned downe flesshe as thicke as
and foule as thicke as sande: (dust
Whiche he did cast amidde the place,
where

where all theyr tentes did stande.
Than did they eate excedingly,
and all men had theyr filles:
Nothyng did want to theyr desyre
he gaue them all theyr willes.
But as the meat was in their mouthes
his wrathe vpon them fell:
And slewe the floure of all the youthe,
and choyse of Israell.
yet fell they to theyr wonted synne,
and styll they dyd hym grieue:
For all the wonders that he wrought
they had no faste beleefe.
Their daies therfore he shortened
and made theyr honour vayne:
Theyr yeres did wast and passe aways,
with terrour and with payne.
But euer when he plaged them,
they sought hym by and by:
Remembring then he was their strength,
theyr helpe and god moste hye.
Though in theyr mouthes they did but glose
and flatter with the lorde:
And with their tonges & in their heartes
dissembled euery woorde.
For why, their heartes wer nothing bet
to hym nor to hys trade.

Nor yet to kepe or to performe,
the couenaunt that was made.
yet was he styll so mercifull,
when they deserued to dye:
That he forgaue them their mysdedes
and woulde not them destrye.
yea many a tyme he turnde his wrath
and dyd hymselfe auise:
And wouide not suffer all hys wholle
displeasure to aryse.
Considerynge that they wer but fleshe
and euen as a wynde:
That palleth awaye and cannot well,
returne by hys owne kynde.
Howe often tymes in wylderues,
dyd they theyr lorde prouoke?
How dyd they moue and stirre their lord
to plage them with hys stroke?
yea when they wer conuerted well,
of purpose they wouide moue:
The holy one of Israell,
his power for to proue.
Not thinkyng of hys hande and power
nor of the daye when he:
Deliuered them out of the bon-
dage of the enemie.
Nor howe he wrought his miracles

as

and they themselues beheelde:
In Egipt, and the wonders that
he dyd in Zoan fielde.

Nor how he turned by hys power,
their waters into bloude:
That no man might receyue his drinke
at riuer ne at floude.

Nor how he sent them flyes and lyce
wherbe did vpon them crall:
And filled the countrey full of frogges
to trouble them withall.

Nor how he did commit theyr fruites
vnto the caterpiller:
And all the labour of theyr handes
he gaue to the greasshopper.

With hailestones he destroyed theyr
so that they wer all lost: (vynes,
And also theyr molbery trees,
he dyd consume with frost.

And yet with hayleftones once agayn
the lorde their cattayle smote:
And al their flockes and herdes likewise
with thunder boltes full hote.

He cast vpon them in his yre,
and in his fury strong:
Displeasure, wrath, and Aungels yll
to trouble them among.

Than to hys wrathe he made a waye
and spared not the least:
But gaue vnto the pestilence,
the man and eke the beaste.
He strake also the first borne all,
that vp in Egipte came:
And all that they had laboured for
within the tentes of Ham.
But as for all his owne dere folke
he did prosetue and kepe:
And caryed them throughe wilderneß,
euen lyke a flocke of shepe.
Wythout al feare both safe and sound
he brought them out of thrall:
Wheras their foes wyth rage of sea
were ouerwhelmed al.
And broughte them oute into the bor-
ders of hys holy lande:
Euen to the mount whiche he had pur-
chased wyth hys ryght hande.
And there caste oute the heathen folke
and dyd their lande deuide:
And in their tentes he set the trybes
of Israel to abyde.
Yet for al thys their God most high
they styred and tempted styll:
And would not kepe his testament

nor

nor yet obey his will.
But as theyr fathers turned backe
euen so they were astraye:
Muche like a bowe that would not bend
but brake and starte awaye.
And greued him with their hil Alters,
their sightes, and with their fire:
And with their Idols vehemently
prouoked hym to Ire.
Therwith his wrath began agayne
to kindle in his brest:
The naughtines of Israell
he did so muche detest.
Than he forsoke the tabernacle
of Silo, where he was:
Right conuersaunt with earthly menne
euen as his dwelling place.
Than suffred he theyr might & power
in bondage for to stande:
And gaue the beawtie of his folke
into theyr ennies hande.
And did commit them to the sweorde
wrothe with his heritage:
The yonge men were deuoured with fire,
maides had no mariage.
And with the sweorde the priestes also
did perishe euery chone:

And not a widowe left aliue,
theire fault for to be mone.
And than the lorde begame to wake
lyke one that slept a time:
Or like a souldier that had been,
refreshed well with wyne.
With emerandes in the hinder partes
he strake his enmies all:
And put them then vnto a shame,
that was perpetuall.
Than he the tent and tabernacle
of Joseph dyd refuse:
As for the tribe of Ephraim,
he would in nowyse chuse.
But chose the tribe of Juda,
whereas he thought to dwell:
Euen the mount of Sion,
whiche he did loue so well.
Whereas he did his temple builde,
bothe sumptuously and sure:
Like to the grounde which he hath made
for euer to endure.
Than chose he Dauid hym to serue
his people for to kepe:
Which he toke vp and brought awaye,
euen from the foldes of shepe.
As he did folow the ewes with yong

the Lorde dyd him anaunce:
To fede his people of Israell,
and his inheritaunce.
Than Dauid with a faythfull hearte
hys flocke and charge did fede:
And prudently with all his power,
did gouerne them in dede.

Benedic anima. psal.ciii.

To God for all his benefites,
we render thankes eche one:
Who knoweth the frailtee of vs all
and helpeth vs alone.

My soule geue laude vnto the lorde
my spirite shall doe the laine:
And all thy secretes of my hearte
prayse ye his holy name.
Geue thankes to god for al his giftes,
shewe not thy selfe vnkynde:
And suffer not hys benefites,
to slyp out of thy mynde.
That gaue thee pardon for thy faulte
and thee restored agayne:
For all thy weake and frayle disease,

and healed thee of thy payne.
That did redeme thy lyfe from death,
from whiche thou couldest not flee:
His mercy and compassion bothe,
he did extend to thee.
That filled with goodnes thy desyre
and did prolonge thy youthe:
Lyke as the Eagle casteth her bill,
whereby her age renueth,
The lorde with iustice dothe reuenge
all suche as be oppreste:
The pacience of the perfect man,
is turned to the beste.
His waies and his commaundemētes
to Moyses he did showe:
His counsels eke with his consentes,
the Israelites doe knowe.
The lorde is kynde and mercyfull,
when sinners doth hym greue:
The slowest to conceyue a wrath,
and readiest to forgeue.
He chyderh not vs continually,
though we be full of strife:
Nor kepeth our faultes in memorye,
for all our sinnefull lyfe.
Nor yet accordyng to our synnes,
the lorde doth vs regarde:

Nor after our iniquities,
he doth not vs reward.
But as the space is wonderous great
twixte earthe and heauen aboue:
So is his goodnes muche more large
to them that doe him loue.
He doth remoue our sinnes from vs
and oure offences all:
As farre as is the sunne rysing,
full distaunt from his fall.
And loke what pitie parentes bere
vnto theyr children beare:
Like pitie beareth the lorde to suche
as worship him in feare.
The lord that made vs knoweth ours
our moulde and fashion iuste: (shape
Howe weake and frayle our nature is,
and how we be but duste.
And how the time of mortall men
is lyke the withering hay:
Or lyke the floure right faire in fielde
that fadeth full soone awaye.
Whose glosse & beautie stormy windes
doe vtterly disgrace:
And make that after their assautes
suche blossomes haue no place.
But yet the goodnes of the Lorde,

with

With his ſhal euer ſtande:
Their childrens childrẽ doe receyue,
his righteouſnes at hande.
That they maye kepe their promiſes
With all their whole deſyre:
And not forget to doe the thing,
that he did them require.
The heauens hie are made the ſeate
and footeſtoole of the lorde:
And by his power imperiall,
he gouerneth all the worlde.
Ye Aungels and ye vertuous menne
laude ye the Lorde I ſate:
That ye maye both fullyll his hеſtes,
and to his wordes obey.
His hoſte and eke his miniſters,
ceaſſe not but laude hym ſtyll:
And ye alſo that execute
his pleaſure and hys wyll.
Let all hys workes in euery place,
geue laude vnto the Lorde:
My heart, my minde, and eke my ſoule,
ſhall therevnto accorde.

Ad dominum cum. pſal. cxx.

The good men cry and much lament

that

that they so longe doe dwell:
In company of carnall men,
the sonnes of Ismaell.

IN trouble and in thral,
Unto the Lord I call,
And he doth me comfort:
Deliuer me I saye,
From lyers lippes alwaye,
And tongue of false report.
Howe hurtefull is the thyng,
Or els how doth it stynge,
The tonge of suche a lyer?
It hurteth no lesse I wene,
Then arowes sharpe and kene,
Of whote consumyng fyer.
Alas to longe I dwell,
With the sonne of Ismaell,
That Chedar is to name:
By whom the folke elect,
And all of Isaackes secte,
Are put to open shame.
With them that peace did hate,
I came a peace to make,
And set a quyet tyle:
But when my worde was tolde,

Cause

Canseleste I was controlde,
By them that would haue stryde.

Ad te leuaui. psal. cxxii.

The poore in spirite waite for the lord
till they some grace attayne:
The proude and welthye Pharisees,
the simple solke disdayne.

O Lorde that heauen doost possesse
I lift mine eyes to thee:
Euen as the seruaunt liketh his,
his maisters handes to see.

As handmaides watche their mistres
some grace for to atchiene: (handes
So we beholde the lorde our god,
till he doe vs forgeue.

Lorde graunte vs thy compassion,
and mercye in thy sight:
For we be filled and ouercome,
with hatred and despyght.

Our myndes be sluffed with great re-
the riche and worldly wyse: (buke,
Dooe make of vs theyr mocking stocke
the proude doe vs despyse.

In Metre.

Beati omnes. psal. cxxviii.

God blesseth with his benefites,
the man and eke the wife:
That in his waies doe rightly walke
and feare him all their life.

BLessed art thou that feareſt god,
and walkeſt in his waye:
For of thy labour thou ſhalt eate,
happy arte thou I ſaye.
Like fruitfull vines on the houſe ſides,
ſo doth thy wyfe ſpring out:
Thy children ſtande like Oliue buddes
thy table rounde about.

Thus art thou bleſt that feareſt God
and he ſhall let thee ſee:
the promiſed Jeruſalem,
and his felicitee.

Thou ſhalt thy childers children ſee,
to thy great ioyes encreaſe:
Full quyetly in Iſraell,
to paſſe theyr time in peace.

FINIS.

Here ende the Pſalmes drawen into
Engliſh Metre, by. T. Sternhold.

To the Reader.

THou haste here (gentle reader) vnto ỹ plaimes that were drawen into Englishe Metre, by. M. Sternhold. viii. mor adioined. Not to the intẽt that they shoulde bee fathered on the dead man, and so through his estimacion to bee the more highly esteined: Neyther for that they are, in myne opinion (as touching the Metre) in any part to be compared with his most exquisite doinges. But especially for that they are fruiteful, although they bee not fine: And comfortable vnto a christyan mind, although not so pleasaunt in the mouthe or eare. Wherefore, yf thou (good reader) shal accept and take thys my doyng in good part, I haue my heartes desire herein.

Farewell.

IH

Psalmes of Dauid in Metre.

Exaltabote. psal. xxx.

The churche that goostly Israell,
Her Lorde and god dothe prayse:
Which from the drede of death and hel,
Dothe her defend alwaies.

I Wil laud and prayse with heart and voice,
O lorde I gene to thee:
Whiche wilt not see my foes reioyce,
Nor triumphe ouer me.
O lorde my God to thee I cryde,
In all my payn and griefe:
Thou gauest an eare and didst prouide,
To ease me with relefe.
Of thy good will thou hast calde backe
My soule from hell to saue:
Thou doest relieue when strength dothe lacke
To kepe me frō the graue.
Sing prayse ye saiuctes that proue & see

The goodnes of the Lorde:
In memory of his maieſtie,
Reioyce with one accorde.
For why, his anger but a ſpace,
Doth laſte and ſlake agayne:
But yet the fauour of his grace,
For euer doth remayne.
Thoughe gripes of griefe & panges full ſore
Do chaunce vs ouer night:
The lorde to ioye ſhall vs reſtore,
Before the day be light.
When I enioyed the worlde at will,
Thus would I boaſte and ſaye:
Tuſhe, I am ſure to feele none yll,
This welth ſhall not decaye.
For thou, O Lorde of thy good grace,
Haddſt ſent me ſtrength and ayde:
But when thou turndeſt awaye thy face
My minde was ſore diſmayde.
Wherfore agayne yet did I crye,
To thee, O Lorde of might:
My god with plaintes I did apply,
And prayde both day and nighte.
What gaine is in my bloud ſayde I,
If death deſtroye my dayes:
Doth duſte declare thy maieſtie,
Or yet thy trueth doth prayſe:

Wher-

In Metre.

Wherfore my God some pitie take,
O Lorde I thee desyre:
Doe not this simple soule forsake,
Of helpe I thee requyre.
Than didst thou turne my griefe & woe,
Vnto a cherefull voyce:
The mourning wede thou tokest me fro,
And madest me to reioyce.
Wherfore my soule vncessauntly,
Shall sing vnto thy prayse:
My Lorde my god to thee wyll I,
Geue laude and thankes alwayes.

Exultate iusti. psal. xxxiii.

To prayse the Lorde with ioye they
which are accept by faith: (ought,
God by hys worde eche thinge hathe
Al mans defẽce decaith. (wrought

Ye righteous in the lorde reioyce,
It is a semely syghte:
That vpright men with thankeful voice
Should prayse the God of might.
Prayse ye the lorde with harpe & song,
Iupsalmes and pleasaunt thinges:

With lute and instrument among.
That soundeth of ten stringes.
Syng to the lorde a song moste newe
With courage geue him praise:
For why his worde is ever true,
His workes and all his wayes.
To iudgement, equitie and right,
He hath a great good will:
And with his giftes he doth delighte,
The earth throughout to fyll.
For by the worde of god alone,
The heauens all were wrought:
Their hostes and powers euerychone,
His breth to passe hath brought.
The waters great gathered hath he,
On heapes within the shore:
And hid them in the depthe to be,
As in an house of store.
All men on yearth both least and moste
Feare ye the lord his law:
ye that inhabite in eche coste,
Drede hym and stand in awe.
What he commaunded wrought it was,
At once with present speede:
What he dothe will is brought to passe
With full effect in deede.
The counsels of the nations rude,

The

In Metre.

The lorde doth driue to nought
The doth defeate the multitude,
Of theyr deuyse and thought.
But hys decrees continue still,
They neuer slake or swage:
The motions of his minde and will,
Take place in euery age
O blest are they to whom the Lorde,
A God and guyde is knowne:
Whom he doth chose of mere accorde,
To take them as his owne.
The lorde from heauen cast hys sighte,
On men mortall by birth:
Considering from his seat of might,
The dwellers on the yearth.
The lord I say, whose hād hath wrought
Mans hearte and doth it frame:
For he alone doth know the thoughte,
And working of the same.
A kynge that trusteth in his hoste,
Shall nought preuayle at length:
The man that of hys might doth boste
Shall fall for all his strength.
The heapes of horsemen ehe shall faile,
Theyr sturdy stedes shall sterue:
The strength of horse shall not prenaile
The ryder to preserue.

But loe, the eyes of God entend,
And watche to ayde the iuſte:
With ſuch as feare him to offend,
And on his goodnes truſt.
That he of death and all diſtres,
May ſet their ſoules from dreede:
And yf that darth the land oppreſſe,
In hunger them to feede.
Wherefore oure ſoule doth ſtill depend,
On god our ſtrengthe and ſtaye:
He is the ſhielde vs to defende,
And dryue all dartes awaye.
Oure ſoule in god hathe ioye and game
Reioyſing in his might:
For why in his moſte holy name,
We hope and muche delyght.
Therfore let thy goodnes, O Lorde,
Still preſent with vs bee:
As we alwayes with one accorde,
Doe onely truſte in thee.

Quemadmodum. pſal. xlii.

The faithfull ſoule afflicted here,
Doth ſyghe, complayne and crie:

Vnto

Vnto the lorde for to draw nere,
Whome wicked men defie.

LIke as the hart doth breath & bray
The welsprynges to obtayne:
So doth my soule desire alwaye,
With thee, Lorde, to remayne.
My soule doth thirst & would draw neare
The liuing God of might:
O when shall I come and appeare,
In presence of his sight?
The teares al times are my repaste,
Whiche from myne eyes doe slyde:
When wicked men crie out so fast,
Where nowe is god thy gyde?
For comfort thys I call to mynde,
And stretche my strength abrode:
That with the holy I shall fynde
Health in the house of god.
Enioying with a ioyfull voyce,
There full quiet and rest:
As with a sorte that do reioyce,
And celebrate a feast.
My soule why arte thou sad and soure,
Why troublest me so sore?
Trust in the lord and prayse his power,
That dothe thy helthe restore.

When that my ſoule in me, O Lorde,
Doth faint, I thynke vpon
The land of Iordan, and record
The litle hil Hermon.
One griefe an other in doth call,
As cloudes burſte out theyr voyce.
The floudes of euyls that doe fall,
Runne ouer me with noyce.
But yet the lorde of his goodnes,
Doth helpe at all aſſayes:
Wherfore eche night I will not ceaſſe,
The liuing god to prayſe.
I am perſwaded thus to ſaye,
To hym with pure pretence:
O Lorde thou art my guyde and ſtay,
My rocke and my defence.
Why doe I then in penſiuenes,
Hanging the head thus walke:
Whyle that myne enmies me oppres,
And vexe me with theyr talke?
For why they perſe mine inward partes
With panges to be abhorde:
When they crye out with ſtubberne hertes,
Where is thy god thy lord?
So lone why doſt thou faint and quayle
My ſoule with payne oppreſt:
With thoughtes why doſt thy ſelfe aſſayle

So sore within my brest?
Truste in the Lorde thy God alwayes,
And thou the time shalt see:
To geue hym thankes with laude and praise,
For healthy restorde to thee.

Quid gloriaris psal. lii.

The wicked that the lord despise,
And truste in worldly strengthe:
With suche as vse disceyt and lies,
Shalbe destroyed at length.

Why dost thou Tirant boast abrod,
Thy wicked workes to prayse?
Dost thou not knowe there is a God,
Whose strength doth last alwayes?
Why doth thy minde yet still deuyse,
Suche wicked wiles to warpe?
Thy tonge but true, in forgeyng lyes,
Is lyke a rasour sharpe.
On mischiefe why dost set thy mynde,
And wilt not walke vpright?
Thou hast more luste false tales to fynd
Than bring the truth to light.
Thou dost delite in fraude and guile,

In

In craft, dysceyte and wronge:
Thy lippes haue learnd the flatteryng
O false disceitfull tong. (stile,
Therfore shal god thy strength confound,
And plucke thee from thy place:
Thy seed & rootes from of the grounde,
At once he shall deface.
The iust when they beholde thy falle,
With feare wil prayse the lorde:
And in reproche of thee withall,
Crye oute in one accorde.
Beholde the man which would not take,
The lorde for his defence:
But of his goodes his god did make,
And truste his owne pretence.
But I an Oliue freshe and greene,
Shall spring and spriede abrod:
For why, my truste all times hath been
Vpon the liuing god.
For this therfore will I geue prayse
To him with heart and voyce:
I wil set furth his name alwayes,
Wherin his saintes reioyce.

Deus venerunt. psal. lxxix.

Here are set furth the sore assaultes

That

In Metre.

That wicked men inuente,
Againſte gods church, which ſoweth
And doth to him lamẽt. (her faultes

O Lorde the Gentiles doe inuade,
Thyne heritage to ſpoyle:
Jeruſalem an heape is made,
Thy temple they deſpoyle.
The bodies of thy ſainctes moſte deare
Abrode to birdes they caſt:
The flesh o[illegible]che as doe thee feare,
The beaſtes deuoure and waſte.
Their bloud throughout Jeruſalem,
As water ſpilte they haue:
So that there is not one of them,
To lay their dead in graue.
Thus are we made a laughing ſtocke
Almoſt the worlde throughout:
The enmies at vs ieſt and mocke,
Whiche dwell our coſtes about.
Wilt thou, O Lorde, thus in thyne yre,
Againſt vs euer kume?
And ſhew thy wrathe as hote as fyre
Thy folke for to conſume?
Vpon thoſe people poure the ſame
Whiche did thee neuer knowe:

All ſuche as call not on thy name,
Conſume and ouer throwe.
For they haue gotte the vpper hande,
And Jacobs ſeede deſtroyde:
Hys habytacion and hys lande
By them is ſore anoyde.
Beare not in minde our former faultes,
With ſpede ſome pitie ſhowe:
And ayde vs Lorde in all aſſaultes,
For we are weake and lowe.
O god that geueſt all healthy and grace,
On vs declare the ſame:
May not our workes, our ſinnes deface
For honour of thy name.
Why ſhall the wicked ſtyll alwaye
To vs as people domme:
In thy reproche reioyce and ſaye,
Where is their god becomme?
Require, O Lorde, as thou ſeeſt good
Before our eyes in ſight:
Of all theſe folke thy ſeruauntes blond
Whiche they ſpilte in deſpight.
Receyue into thy ſight in haſte
The clamours griefe and wronges
Of ſuche as are in priſon caſte,
Suſtayning yrons ſtronge.
Thy force and ſtrength to celebrate,

Lorde

In Metre.

Lorde set them oute of bande:
Whiche vnto deathe are destinate,
And in their enmyes hande.
The nacions whiche haue been so bolde
As to blaspheme thy name:
Into theyr lappes with seuen folde
Repaye agayne the same.
So we thy folke thy pasture shepe,
Will prayse thee euermore:
And teache all ages for to kepe
For the like prayse in store.

Deus stetit. psal. lxxxii.

God dothe rebuke the worldly wyse
And tell them all their due:
To suche as will his wordes despise
He shewth what shall ensue.

HAyd the preasse with mē of might
The lorde himselfe did stande:
To pleade the cause of truth and right
With iudges of the lande.
Howe long sayd he will you procede,
False iudgement to awarde:
And haue respect for loue or mede,

The

The wicked to regarde:
Wheras of due ye ſhoulde defende,
The fatherleſs and weake:
And when the poore man doth contende,
In iudgement iuſtly ſpeake.
If ye be wiſe defende the cauſe
Of poore men in theyr righte:
And ridde the nedie from the clawes
Of tirauntes force and mighte.
But nothing will they know or learne,
In vayne to them I taike:
They will not ſee or ought diſcerne,
But ſtill in darknes walke.
Wherfore be ſure the time will come,
Since ye ſuche wayes do take:
That all the yearthe from the bottome
My myght ſhall moue and ſhake.
I had decreed it in my ſighte,
As goddes to take you all:
And children to the moſte of might
For loue I did you call.
But notwithſtanding ye ſhall dye,
As men, and ſo decaye:
Lyke tyrauntes I ſhall you deſtroye,
And plucke you quite awaye.
Vp lord and let thy ſtrength be knowne,
And iudge the worlde with myghte:

For

For why, all nacyons are thyne owne
To take them as thy ryghte.

Lauda anima mea. psal. cxlvi.

A prayse of God, in him alone
All folke shoulde hope and truste:
And not in worldly men, of whome
The chiefe shall turne to duste.

My soule praise thou the lord alwais
My god I will confesse:
While breath and life prolong my daies
My mouth no time shall cease.
Truste not in worldly princes then,
Though they abounde in wealthe:
Nor in the sonnes of mortall men,
In whome there is no healthe.
For why, their breath doth sone depart,
To earthe anone they fall:
And than the counsels of their hearte
Decaye and perish all.
O happy is that man I saye
Whome Jacobs God doth aide:
And he whose hope doth not decaye,
But on the Lorde is staye.

Whiche made the yearth and waters deepe,
The heauens hie with all:
Which doth his word and promise kepe
In truerth and euer shall.
With right alwayes doth he procede,
For suche as suffer wronge:
The poore and hungry he doth feede
And louse the fetters stronge.
The lord doth ease the blind with sight,
The same to him restore:
The lorde I saye doth loue the right
And iust man euermore.
He doth defende the fatherles,
The strangers sadde in hearte:
And quite the widdow from distres,
And all yll wayes subuerte.
Thy Lorde and god eternally,
O Syon styll shall raygne:
In time of all posterytie
For euer to remayne.

FINIS.

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